

## PHILOMELA.

Mark! Ah, the nightingale!  
The tawny throated  
Hark! From that mossy cedar what a beautiful  
Whet triumph! Hark! What a sound!

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,  
Still, after many years, in distant lands,  
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain  
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old world  
pains—

Say, will it never be all  
And can this fragrant lawn  
With its cool trees and night,  
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,  
And moonshine and the dew  
To thy rack'd heart and brain  
Afford no balm?

Doest thou tonight behold  
Here, through the moonlight on this English  
grass,  
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?  
Doest thou again perceive  
Wi' hot cheeks and tear'd eyes  
The too clear web and thy dumb sister's shame?  
Doest thou once more see  
Thy light and feel come over thee,  
Poor fugitive, the feathered change  
Once more and once more seem to make resound  
With love and hate, triumph and agony,  
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephallenian vale?  
Listen, Eugenia!

How thick the burn's come crowding through  
the forest  
Again—thou hear'st!  
Eternal passion!  
Eternal pain!

—Matthew Arnold.

## IT REQUIRED NERVE.

But the Scheme Was Worked to a  
Successful Consummation.

It began to rain, and the stranger in  
the city said, "I wish we'd  
brought along an umbrella." His  
friend, the New Yorker, quickly re-  
sponded, "Wait; I'll get you one."  
As it was late in the evening all the  
shops were closed. A moment later  
the New Yorker drew his companion  
into a brilliantly lighted cafe and  
walked briskly up to the bar.

"Is that umbrella there the one  
I left here the other day," he  
said to the man in front of the  
bar—"crooked brier wood han-  
dle, silver band?"

The man turned, opened a locker,  
pulled forth a half dozen umbrellas,  
found one with a crooked brier wood  
handle and a silver band and hand-  
ed it out.

"Could you do that in every sal-  
oon?" the stranger inquired timid-  
ly when the two were once more in  
the street.

"I could, but you couldn't," the  
native declared. "You couldn't say  
it quick enough."

"But how did you know they had  
a brier wood, crooked handled um-  
brella in there?"

"I didn't; I took a chance. There  
is not a well patronized cafe in the  
city that does not have a collection  
of lost umbrellas. Some bright  
Thursday morning I will lose that  
umbrella at the same bar rail."—  
New York Post.

## His Wit Saved Him.

In the early Indiana days, when  
both judge and attorney literally  
"rode the circuit," a newly elected  
judge, noted for his lack of personal  
beauty, was plodding along on  
horseback between two county  
seats one fine summer day. Sudden-  
ly he was confronted by a hunt-  
er, who unsling his squirrel rifle  
from his shoulder and ordered the  
horseman to dismount. Somewhat  
startled by this peremptory com-  
mand, the jurist began to remon-  
strate. He was quickly cut short,  
however, by the remark: "It's no  
use talking. I long ago swore that  
if I ever met a homelier man than  
I am I'd shoot him on sight."

The judge, sizing up the situation,  
promptly got off his horse. Folding  
his arms he faced his assailant  
and said, "If I am any homelier  
than you are, for heaven's sake do  
shoot, and be quick about it."

Needless to say, his wit saved  
him.

## Theatrical Interpolations.

It is related that Fechter was  
more than once the victim of an  
outspoken denizen of the topmost  
circle. On one occasion in a melo-  
drama the tragedian was slowly pay-  
ing over a sum of money to the vil-  
lain. Everything depended upon  
whether he had sufficient money for  
his purpose, and the paying out was  
most deliberate—so deliberate, in-  
deed, that a member of the audience  
varying of the scene enlivened the  
proceedings by yelling, "Say, Mr.  
Fechter, give him a check."

On another occasion, when the  
play was "Monte Christo," the hour  
12:30 and the end not yet in sight,  
the curtain rose discovering Fechter  
in an attitude of contemplation.  
Not a movement, not a sound, broke  
the silence until a small but clear  
voice in the gallery queried in tones  
of anxiety, "I hope we are not keep-  
ing you up, sir?"—Chambers' Jour-  
nal.

## Lowell's Note About Teeth.

John A. Garth, the celebrated  
dentist in London, once invited  
James Russell Lowell to be present  
at a banquet of the dental college.  
Mr. Lowell was unable to attend,  
but he sent an amusing note, in  
which he said, "Our teeth give us a  
great deal of trouble—first by get-  
ting them, next by getting some-  
thing to put between them, then in  
keeping them in such repair that  
what we put between them may  
profit us, and lastly, the greatest  
worry of all, the getting rid of them  
by pulling."

This signature is on every box of the genuine  
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets.  
The remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Between Western and Nurem-  
burg, Pa., is a building devoted by a  
philanthropic woman, Miss Sarah  
Brill, to the housing of over ninety  
stray cats. Miss Brill is 70 years of  
age, but unfailing in attention to her  
four footed beneficiaries.

## SCARED BY THE POPE.

One Occasion When Kaiser Wilhelm  
Lost His Self Possession.

Kaiser Wilhelm, always a self  
possessed character, was even as a  
lad equal to almost any emergency,  
but there was one time in his life  
when his aplomb failed him com-  
pletely, and that was when he was  
received in a private audience by  
Leo XIII. Strange to say, the self  
possessed young emperor felt com-  
pletely overawed by the presence of  
the holy father and his entourage.  
A gentleman who was present and  
witnessed the whole scene said that  
a student coming before a row of  
examiners or a culprit appearing  
before a court could not have looked  
more frightened than did the em-  
peror when he stood between the  
folding doors of the audience hall  
as they opened before him.

As he caught sight of the Pope  
in white garments, stiff, immobile,  
almost unearthly, surrounded by  
half a dozen cardinals in red robes,  
who were looking at him curiously,  
his half powerless right hand, in  
which he held his present for the  
Pope, a gold snuff-box, with his own  
portrait framed in rubies, shook  
so violently that he dropped the  
treasure. The monsignore who was  
nearest, in stooping to pick it up,  
bumped his head against that of the  
emperor, who was similarly engaged,  
and the shock so unnerved him  
that he quite forgot the hel-  
met which he held in his left hand  
and which fell to the ground in its  
turn.

At last everything was put  
straight. His holiness was still  
quietly smiling his everyday smile,  
and William advanced a few steps  
to deliver his little speech, which  
he did with a sulky voice. He look-  
ed as furious as if he had just suffered  
from the awkwardness of somebody  
else, and they say that 24 hours  
afterward his brow remained as  
closely knitted as those of a bear.—  
Modern Society.

## Episcopal Heraldry.

In the arms of the archbishop of  
Canterbury there appears a decoration  
somewhat like a clergyman's  
collar with an extended linen band,  
but it is intended to represent a nar-  
row, circular strip of white wool  
supposed to be shorn from the  
lambs of St. Agnes at Rome, which  
was worn round the shoulders, and  
had two such hanging bands, one be-  
fore and the other behind, while the  
crosses upon it are thought origi-  
nally to represent the pins by which  
it was fastened to the vestment.  
This precious strip was called a pall  
or pallium, and was peculiar to  
archbishops conferred on them by  
the pope, and, like most papal gifts,  
of a high market value.

Expensive as was its possession,  
it was by no means a mere luxury,  
for by the decretals of Pope Gregory  
no act of an archbishop was valid  
without it. If he had not received it,  
he could not confer orders, con-  
secrate churches or summon a coun-  
cil. The small staff, the head of  
which appears inside the half circle  
formed by the pallium as it falls  
over the shield, is the crozier, a staff  
with a cruciform head that is borne  
by or before an archbishop alone,  
though the simple pastoral staff  
with an ornamental crook, which  
merely denotes the office of a  
bishop, is often mistakenly called a  
crozier.—Quiver.

## A Wonderful Steam Engine.

In 1874-D. A. A. Buck, an in-  
genious mechanic of Worcester,  
Mass., constructed a perfect steam  
engine of such lilliputian dimen-  
sions as to gain for its maker the  
plaudits of the world. To go into  
exact details the engine, boiler,  
pumps, governors and all were so  
exceedingly small as to only occupy  
a space seven sixteenths of an inch  
in diameter, or about the area of an  
old fashioned silver three cent piece.  
It was only five-eighths of an inch  
high, yet it contained 148 distinct  
parts, nearly all of which were silver  
and gold. It was held together by  
52 screws, the smallest being but  
one-hundredth of an inch in length.  
The engine had all the valves, gear-  
ing, etc., to be found on the ordi-  
nary horizontal engine. Three  
drops of water filled the boiler.  
The engine weighed but 15 grains  
when clear of the base plate. The  
diameter of the cylinder was but  
one-sixteenth of an inch; length of  
stroke, three-fifty-seconds of an  
inch.

## Vanishing Bird Races.

The flamingo and the pink cur-  
lew are no more, the parrakeet and  
egret are going fast, the white peli-  
can is a tradition only, like the  
dodo. Some birds increase under  
the protection of man because he  
wages war on more destructive en-  
emies. The quail sets at naught the  
breachloader and the trap if allow-  
ed to forage in the grainfields, but  
there are others that vanish before  
the face of man as does the mist be-  
fore the morning sun. We may de-  
lay the end perhaps, but it is at last  
the survival of the fittest—Florida  
Times-Union.

—There is living in Caswell coun-  
ty, N. C., a lady who has a horn grow-  
ing out of the back part of her head.  
It is about five inches long and curves  
down toward the back of her neck.  
It is loose and shakes as she walks.  
The woman is 74 years old and is  
quite active and lively. She is not  
sensitive over the unusual growth on  
her head.

—Too much sympathy does more  
harm than good.

## AN AFRICAN HEADDRESS.

Grotesque Knob Worn by Males of  
the Mashikolumwe Tribe.

The Mashikolumwe are as savage  
a tribe and as far removed from any  
form of civilization as can be found  
in central Africa. Probably justly  
they have a reputation for treach-  
ery. Though the women wear as  
much, if not more, clothing than is  
customary in central Africa, the  
men in nearly all cases go absolutely  
naked. Every man carries a bundle  
of long handled barbed assagais.

Nearly every man has dressed, or,  
to describe it more accurately,  
forced, his hair and scalp into the  
knob or spike which is peculiar to  
this tribe. Many wear the full  
headdress, which looks like a long,  
straight and flexible wand starting  
from the back of the head. One of  
these headdresses I measured and  
found it to be 42 inches long, meas-  
uring from the skin of the head up-  
ward. The headdress is made of  
hair and grease, with a finely shaved  
piece of sable antelope's horn inside  
to stiffen it.

In making it the skin of the head  
is drawn back until a mass of flesh  
and skin protrudes two or three  
inches from the back of the head.  
This causes great pain at first. One  
whom we asked replied, "We bear  
the pain because of the beautiful  
result." On this artificially made  
base of soft flesh is built an upright  
cone, gradually tapering to less than  
one inch in diameter and prolonged  
to at least three feet in height. The  
straight upright piece is quite flexi-  
ble and waves in the wind.

The completed headdress takes  
about three years to make, and the  
happy possessor of a 45 inch spike  
attached to his scalp takes great  
care of it. When he sleeps in a  
hut, the flexible end is tied by a  
string to the roof; when sleeping  
in the open, a long handled assagai  
is stuck firmly in the ground at the  
man's feet, and the end of the head-  
dress is tied by a long string to the  
shaft of the assagai, so keeping it  
off the ground.

In spite of the time and trouble  
taken to make these headdresses,  
some of the men offered to cut them  
off and sell them for a few yards of  
calico. I had hoped to buy some  
on our return journey, but unfortun-  
ately passed south, just west of the  
Mashikolumwe country, and saw no  
more of this peculiar headdress.  
Though not tall, the Mashikolumwe  
are well made and active and, judg-  
ing by some who followed me when  
hunting on horseback, good run-  
ners.—Geographical Journal.

ATLANTA THE MECCA  
OF ALL SIGHT SEERS.

Crowds, such as have not visited At-  
lanta since the Cotton States Exposition  
of 1895, will soon turn toward that city  
again for the greatest Inter-State Fair  
ever held in this country. Every hotel,  
every boarding house is receiving appli-  
cations for accommodations from all  
parts of the south and the country at  
large, and when the gates of the great  
show open on October 6th, there will be,  
it is expected, the greatest opening day  
crowd that ever passed through those  
gates.

Every railroad has allowed one fare  
round trips, including a ticket to the  
fair grounds, and this excursion rate is  
having its effect. The Fair is nearly at  
hand, and within much less than a week  
the rush will begin.

In the matter of special attractions  
this year the Fair management is spend-  
ing nearly \$35,000, and the demand for  
space for exhibits has far surpassed that  
which is available. The result will be  
this year the greatest Fair, from a com-  
mercial as well as an amusement stand-  
point, ever held in Atlanta.

## Veteran's Day at Atlanta.

Within a week an office will be  
opened in Atlanta where Confederate  
Veterans may register and so re-  
ceive a free ticket for themselves and wife to  
attend the Inter-State Fair on Confed-  
erate Veteran's Day, Wednesday, October  
13th. A record breaking crowd is  
expected at this time from all over the  
state.

The registration office will be in  
charge of a committee of Veterans,  
which will keep it open on the day set  
aside for the heroes in gray so that  
visitors may register and receive free  
admissions for their wives and them-  
selves.

## Killed Sixty-Eight Ducks at one Shot.

Sabine, Tex., Sept. 30.—The duck  
shooting season has opened up in this  
portion of the coast country, but the  
prevalence of the mosquitoes is mak-  
ing the sport less attractive than it  
otherwise would be, and is also deter-  
ring the "pot shooters" from spend-  
ing as much time in the lakes and  
marshes as they would wish to do.  
However, the local market is being  
supplied with ducks, and they are  
plump and juicy, having fed and fat-  
tened in the rice fields along the bay-  
ous to the north and west of here.

Several years ago, when driving the  
mail and passenger stage between here  
and Galveston, on his return home  
one afternoon, Joe Marty killed 263  
ducks in one of the lakes along the  
route in two hours, and fifteen min-  
utes from the time he began shooting.  
A. H. Best, who is in the hunting  
business here, last season killed sixty-  
eight ducks in one hour and twenty  
minutes, all being wing shots. Ben  
F. Johnson, county commissioner  
from this precinct, killed a like num-  
ber at one discharge of a double bar-  
relled gun. Henry Townsend killed  
sixty-three mallards that he got at  
the discharge of a double barbed gun.

—A woman's silence often means  
more than her words.

## Serious Side of a Joke.

There were some strange rumors  
afloat here. It was a story of a wo-  
man coming hundreds of miles to meet  
her lover—only to find herself the  
victim of a cruel hoax. The informa-  
tion comes from a reliable source, but  
no names were given.

It seems that a young man in Co-  
lumbia and a young woman in Chicago  
have been corresponding for some  
time, having made this long distance  
acquaintance through the medium of  
a newspaper advertisement.

Proposals of marriage were made.  
The young man represented that it  
would be too costly a trip for him to  
go to Chicago and bring his bride here,  
so the bride-prospective came here to  
meet her avowed lover.

When she arrived, no lover met her  
at the station, so she drove to the  
street address given in a letter from  
him. When she arrived at her destina-  
tion, she found herself in a squalid  
negro settlement, and the house with  
the number for which she was looking  
was the worst of the lot.

The truth broke upon her then.  
Her fiancé had been using an assum-  
ed name and she had been made a fool  
of. It is said that she is young and  
good looking. Detectives are working  
on the case with the hope of discover-  
ing the young man's identity.—The  
State.

## Resented the Comment.

A well-known savings institution  
has a unique system of receiving de-  
posits. People who patronize the  
bank first take their money to a re-  
ceiving teller, and then pass along to  
another clerk whose business it is to  
verify the entry in the hand books and  
deliver them to the proper officers.  
"John Jones," he will call out for in-  
stance. When John Jones answers  
the clerk asks him how much his de-  
posit was, and upon receiving a correct  
reply hands over the book.

On Saturday a little irascible-looking  
Irishman was one of the deposi-  
tors in line. "How much?" queried  
the clerk when the Celt had answered  
to his name. "Wan dollar," returned  
the depositor. "Vera Little," sung  
out the clerk, reaching for the next  
book. "It is, begob," shouted the  
little man, turning back. It's a dom  
sight more than yez would have to  
save yerself if yez had a wife and tin  
childer to support."

It was not until the indignant de-  
positor had marched through the door-  
way that the astonished clerk tumbled  
to the combination of circumstances  
which had aroused his ire.—Philadel-  
phia Record.

## Money in Corn and Wheat.

Mr. Ernest T. Westbrook, of Omaha,  
Neb., is in the city, registered at the  
Charleston Hotel. "Our wheat crop  
this year is the largest in the history  
of the State and the farmers are hap-  
py," said Mr. Westbrook in speaking  
to a reporter for the News and Cour-  
ier. "For the first time the wheat  
crop is more valuable than the corn  
crop. Nebraska this season produced  
thirty million bushels worth of wheat  
(fifty million bushels) and twenty-five  
million dollars worth of corn. Think  
of the farmers in one State reaping  
seventy-five million dollars at one har-  
vest. Working the soil for a living  
is not so bad according to these fig-  
ures."

Mr. Westbrook is also interested in  
the Texas oil boom. "On my way  
down here," he said, "I passed  
through some of the richest districts.  
The Beaumont boom is still exciting  
the people of the Lone Star State, as  
well as the entire South. Oil has be-  
gun to come into general use out there  
for fuel. The daily shipment by rail  
from Beaumont now amounts to 110  
cars. The exports by water are rapid-  
ly increasing. The producers com-  
plain bitterly of the scarcity of cars.  
Nearly all the oil territory has been  
gobbled up and there seems little  
chance for anybody going now. A  
great deal of worthless stock is being  
offered and the good stock is not to be  
had at any reasonable price."—News  
and Courier.

The Best Prescription For Malaria  
Chills and Fever is a Bottle of Grove's  
Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply  
iron and quinine in a tasteless form.  
No cure, No pay. Price 50c.

—If you are not happy when at  
work, there is little hope for you.  
—A strike of 17,000 skilled work-  
ingmen in the packing trades through-  
out the country is threatened.

—If we'd spend only half as much  
time as the photographer does trying  
to see people in the best light," said  
the philosopher, "we'd have a much  
better opinion of everybody."

—There is an organization of com-  
mercial travelers in Chicago known as  
the "Gideons." The organization  
has 1,500 members none of whom  
drink, smoke or play cards.

—"I'm gwine tell you what 'tis,  
Bradder Johnson," said a Georgia  
darker, whose crops have suffered as  
much from the recent wet spell as they  
did from the previous drought, "dis  
thing they call Providence takin' it  
up wun side on down de udder, do  
jes 'bout much harm es it do good."

## Why Napoleon Failed.

A recent book, written by an emi-  
nent English statesman, Lord Rose-  
bery, upon Napoleon the Great, is  
profoundly interesting in its sym-  
pathy, and yet judicial, estimate of  
the most marvelous of modern con-  
querors. Napoleon appears, to this  
latest biographer, so great in his  
energy, his intellect, his genius, that  
he "enlarges the scope of human  
achievement." He "fought the Aus-  
trians once for five consecutive days;  
without taking off his boots or closing  
his eyes"; he would work for eigh-  
teen hours at a stretch; "his genius  
was as unflinching and supreme in the  
art of statesmanship as in the art of  
war, and he was as much the first ruler  
as the first captain in the world."  
"Ordinary measures do not apply to  
him; we seem to be trying to span a  
mountain with a tape." The conclu-  
sion arrived at is that Napoleon was  
the largest personal force that has  
ever come into the modern European  
world.

Why, then, did his career end in de-  
feat and exile? Napoleon's own say-  
ing is a revelation on this point. "I  
am not a man like other men," he as-  
serted; "the laws of mortality could  
not be intended to apply to me." He  
believed that religion was essential to  
the nation he ruled, but not to him-  
self. He was not antagonistic to it;  
he patronized it rather. But for a  
man as consciously great as he to obey  
the Ten Commandments when they  
ran counter to his own views, appear-  
ed to him absurd. Humility was in  
his eyes no virtue, but an entire mis-  
take.

Yet humility alone could have saved  
him. The dangerous, the fatal  
element in Napoleon's nature was  
ambition. In youth, he was phre-  
nomenally sane and well-balanced. But  
his little knowledge of his own pow-  
ers unbalanced him; nothing seemed  
impossible; nothing seemed as impor-  
tant as his own destiny; "the intellect  
and energy were still there, but as in  
caricature; they became monstrosities."  
Then came the inevitable collapse  
of insane and impossible ambi-  
tions; and at forty-six, the man who  
had dreamed of governing a world be-  
came a captive exile. His conquests  
left no mark; the kings he made lost  
their thrones; France was beggared  
and exhausted by him; and the great-  
est gifts ever bestowed upon a human  
soul since the days of Caesar thus failed  
to help forward the world.

If any one was ever great enough to  
do without goodness, Napoleon was  
the man. The result of his experi-  
ment ought to be enough to satisfy  
anybody. There is no need for small-  
er men to repeat the test; it stands as  
a finality. Plain, simple goodness is  
the necessity of great souls as well as  
lesser ones; duty is the supreme law,  
God, the almighty ruler. Napoleon  
failed not because he was not great  
enough, but because he was not good  
enough. "Not b. might, nor by power,  
but my spirit, saith the Lord of  
hosts." That truth stands; and we  
may stand or fall by it, as we choose.

—The editor and his wife disagree  
with each other very materially. She  
sets things to rights and he writes  
things to set. She reads what others  
writes and he writes what others read.  
She keeps the devil out of the house  
as much as possible and he detains  
him and could not go to press with-  
out him. She knows more things than  
he writes and he writes more things  
than he knows.

—A hasty man is seldom out of  
trouble. He is constantly offending  
some one or other and picking quar-  
rels right and left. He boils over  
and scalds himself.

CASTORIA  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the  
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*

## Valuable Real Estate for Sale.

WE will sell on Saturday in November,  
if not sold at private sale, the R. Q. An-  
derson Homestead, adjoining lands of  
David Crosby, D. C. Anderson, and  
Nevitt, three miles from C. H. contain-  
ing about 200 acres, about 155 acres in  
the very finest original forest. This timber  
will make fine lumber for bridges, etc.,  
and being only three miles from Ander-  
son, thousands of cords of wood can be  
easily marketed. This tract contains  
also an splendid 8 room house, with  
out-buildings. Place is well watered  
with Rocky River and branches. Splen-  
did bottom lands on river and branches.  
Will sell as a whole or cut to suit pur-  
chaser. Apply to—

J. R. & T. Q. ANDERSON,  
Oct. 2, 1901. 15 6

## Valuable Land for Sale.

A TRACT lying on Onoos Creek, 7  
miles North of Walhalla, contain-  
ing 275 acres—50 acres rich bottom land  
in cultivation; 75 acres good up-land in  
cultivation; 25 acres fenced-in pastures;  
130 acres original forest. Is well watered  
with Rocky River and branches. Splen-  
did bottom lands on river and branches.  
Will sell as a whole or cut to suit pur-  
chaser. Apply to—

R. T. JAYNES, Walhalla, S. C.  
Sept. 18, 1901. 13 3m

## LAND FOR SALE.

100 ACRES LAND lying 2 miles  
South of Hartwell, Ga., on  
main Elberton road. Fair buildings, 65  
acres in cultivation, 35 in original forest.  
Will give away to right purchaser. In-  
season given at once. Call or write  
to—

E. E. SATERFIELD,  
Hartwell, Ga.  
Sept. 18, 1901. 13 3m

## A Wife Says:

"We have four children. With the first  
three I suffered almost unbearable pains from  
12 to 14 hours, and had to be placed under  
the influence of chloroform. I used three  
bottles of *Mother's Friend* before our last  
child came, which is a strong, fat and  
healthy boy, doing my housework up  
to within two hours of birth, and suf-  
fered but a few hard pains. This in-  
fant is the grandest remedy ever  
made."

*Mother's Friend*

will do for every woman what it did for the  
Minnesota mother who writes the above let-  
ter. Not to use it during pregnancy is a  
mistake to be paid for in pain and suffering.  
*Mother's Friend* equips the patient with a  
strong body and clear intellect, which in  
turn are imparted to the child. It relaxes  
the muscles and allows them to expand. It  
relieves morning sickness and nervousness.  
It puts all the organs concerned in perfect  
condition for the final hour, so that the actual  
labor is short and practically painless. Danger  
of rising or hard breasts is altogether  
avoided, and recovery is merely a matter of  
a few days.

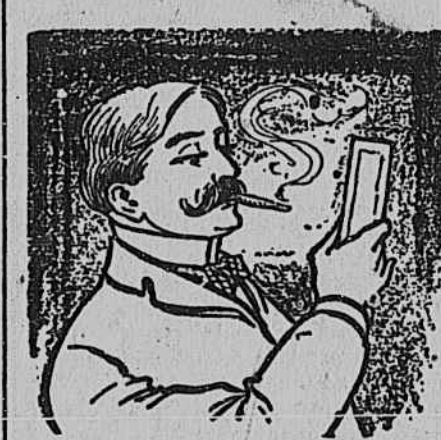
Druggists sell *Mother's Friend* for \$1 a bottle.  
The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.  
Send for our free illustrated book.



WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY.

All Repair work done promptly  
and at low rates.

JOHN S. CAMPBELL,  
AT DEAN & RATHBURN'S



A PLEASANT MAN!

A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH gives a  
great deal of pleasure, and my Spe-  
cialty is the Photographs that will  
have life-like accuracy and artistic  
excellence. I combine the best points  
to produce the best Photographs.

J. H. COLLINS.

**THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST FEVER  
MEDICINE.**

For all forms of fever take John-  
son's Chill and Fever Tonic. It is  
10 times better than quinine and  
does it in a single day. It cures all  
fevers in 10 to 15 days. It's  
quinine cannot do in 10 days. It's  
cures are in striking con-  
trast to the feeble cures made by  
quinine.

**Costs 60 Cents If It Cures.**

## TAX NOTICE.

THE BOOKS FOR THE COLLECTION OF  
State School and County Taxes will be open  
for October 1st, 1901, to December 31st, 1901,  
inclusive, and for the convenience of the taxpay-  
ers I will collect at the following places:

Blanton, October 28th, 10 to 12; Wyatt's store,  
1 to 4.  
Mt. Airy, Oct. 29th, 9 to 12; J. B. Hicks' Store,  
1 to 3.  
Piedmont, Oct. 30th, 9 to 4.  
Feltner, Oct. 31st, 9 to 4.  
Williamston, Nov. 1st, 9 to 11:30; Bolton Mill,  
1 to 3.  
Hickson Bank, Nov. 1st, 9 to 4.  
Hickson Bank, Nov. 5th, 11 to 3.  
Sav. Nov. 6th, 10 to 8.  
After November 6th the Treasurer's office will  
be open at Anderson continually until Dec. 31,  
1901. The rate of the tax is as follows:

State Tax..... 8  
Ordinary County..... 8  
School..... 8  
Past Indebtedness..... 1  
Public Roads..... 1  
County House and Jail..... 1

Total..... 36 cents per \$100.

An additional levy of 2 cents has been made for  
No. 24 Hunter School District, and Gantt's School  
District No. 24, for school purposes, making a total  
in those districts of 38 cents.

The State constitution requires all males be-  
tween sixteen and sixty years of age except  
those incapable of earning a support, or those  
incapable of working, or those who have been  
mutilated or from other causes, and those who  
served in the war between the States, to pay a  
Poll Tax of One Dollar.

All persons between the ages of eighteen and  
sixty who are able to work the roads or cause  
them to be worked, except preachers who have  
charge of congregations and persons who served  
between the States, are liable to do road  
duty, and in lieu of work may pay a tax of One  
Dollar, to be collected at the same time other tax-  
es are collected.

J. M. FAYNE,  
Co. Treasurer.